Like It Was A Religion

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Like It Was A Religion

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal has a sudden encounter with a divine, delightful being.

Notes

happy Halloween! Thanks so much to DBMars for inspiring me to FINALLY write tentacles!!! I had SO much fun making this— consider it a thank you from me to DB for their wonderful Kinktober Story that entertained me all month long!!!

- Translation into Русский available: Новая религия by Gays_Lover

Hannibal is lost.

He doesn't know where he is, how he came to be there. He tries to recall, to search his memory and place himself here, but all it yields is further disorientation and an ache behind his eyes. It's snowing. His fingertips are numb. It's overcast but the sun is turning the sky pale rather than murky, white above white in an expanse that feels paradoxically suffocating in its vastness. With mounting anxiety, he begins to wring his hands. Where is he? Where should he turn?

A great thundering sound devours the all-encompassing silence, a sudden gust of wind nearly knocking him to the ground. Startled, Hannibal looks to the sky.

His mouth falls open.

A humanoid creature with gargantuan silver wings looms above him, an alien figure in the featureless expanse. Swiftly, sending the topmost layer of snow into a flurry with the power of its wings, the creature begins its descent. For a moment, Hannibal thinks to run, but why? Where could he possibly go, where this entity wouldn't find him? It feels inevitable, in a sense. Better to face it with some measure of dignity.

The Earth shakes when it lands before him. Its body is like shaped like a man's but seven feet tall at least, with pale skin that shimmers in the light. It steps closer, and instinctively Hannibal takes a step backwards in kind. The angel tilts its head, as if curious. It observes him with eyes that seem to pass through his very being— five of them, luminous and opalescent. Hannibal can tell, beyond doubt, that this creature is intelligent.

With another fluttering crash, it moves its wings. They're monumental, with feathers shining like satin. The wings come to encircle him, shielding him from the harsh landscape. He's trapped, now. Fully encased in this angel's form. And yet, Hannibal doesn't feel afraid.

It stoops, almost awkwardly, and brings its face near Hannibal's jaw. He shivers when the angel scents him, the creature responding with a bizarre, musical trilling sound. Hannibal gets the sense that his scent pleases the angel, and he finds himself feeling absurdly proud.

With another high alien sound, the creature takes Hannibal's face in its large hands and crashes their mouths together. Hannibal parts his lips, eager in the face of this glorious entity's favor. He can't imagine what he, a mortal, could have done to gain the attention of such a resplendent thing, but he delights in it nonetheless.

The angel doesn't hesitate to accept the invitation, forcing its long tongue into Hannibal's mouth the moment it can. Hannibal's knees threaten to buckle as they kiss, the creature's tongue running over his own and playing at his Palatine Folds until he's made into a shuddering mess. Desperate, Hannibal searches the angel's mouth in kind and finds razor sharp teeth. Rows and rows of them, poised to devour.

He gasps into their wet kiss when he feels pressure against his cock. Hannibal is hard, predictably— wet and aching in his trousers. He looks down, and groans at what he sees.

A slick, tapered tendril is touching the bulge in his pants, extending from the creature's groin and rubbing insistently. Unable to think beyond the hot coil of want in his stomach, Hannibal begins to fumble with his belt, making quick work of freeing his leaking cock. The angel trills excitedly at the sight of it, and again Hannibal has a wild urge to preen at the approval. The tentacle wraps itself around Hannibal's cock, and the sensation is at once completely alien and completely pleasurable.

Hannibal tips his head back, moaning only to be cut off a moment later. Another tentacle, quickly making its way inside of his mouth. Eyes rolling, he closes his lips around the intrusion and sucks, laving over it with his tongue and delighting in the odd, incoherent sounds coming from the angel.

He's knocked to the ground once he's naked, the air punched from his lungs as he lands in the snow. The angel's wings spread impossibly wide, its eyes staring down at Hannibal for a heart-stopping moment before it leaps to action.

It pins him by the hands, threading its long fingers with his own. The tentacles on his cock and in his mouth don't stop their assault on his senses, and Hannibal moans around the wriggling shape in his mouth when another narrow tendril prods at his entrance. He bends his knees, inviting this creature in. Take me, he says as clearly as he can. Take me, take everything, take *anything.*

The angel's eyes narrow when it slips inside of Hannibal's hole. A low rumbling sound comes from it, so resonant that it buzzes throughout Hannibal's own body. The tentacle is like nothing he's ever felt before, firm and long like a cock but nimble and clever like a finger. The slickness dripping from it eases the way as it prods and writhes over Hannibal's inner walls.

Hannibal's toes curl when two more tentacles emerge, nudging eagerly at his hole. They force their way in, so harshly that it might have hurt were it not for the pleasure turning Hannibal's bones to smoke. The angel tosses its head back, pale locks of hair catching the light. One of the tendrils rubs over Hannibal's prostate just so, and he cries out, arching his back to seek more stimulation. The creature looks down at him, then. Curious. Hannibal rolls his hips again, trying to communicate his need.

Slowly, with devastating intentionality, the largest tentacle circles his prostate. Hannibal melts into the snow, humming salaciously around the tendril still deep within his mouth.

He's doomed, from there. Everything becomes a mess of sensation— the angel's tentacles stroking his cock and teasing his throat while the three in his ass thrust deep and prod at his prostate until there are tears streaming down his face. It's too much. It's *so good.* His stomach tenses, his vision goes white—

"F-fuck!"

Hannibal wakes to a blinding orgasm, slamming into him with overwhelming force. He clutches at the sheets, panting for air. It's so *sudden,* waking from his dream to find his cock surrounded by hot, wet suction.

When he looks down, he sees another angel.

Will smirks around his mouthful, swallowing every drop of Hannibal's release with a mischievous sparkle in his eyes. "Good morning," he drawls, before licking a long stripe up Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal falls back against his pillows, limp with orgasm. Blindly, he cards his hands into Will's curls. "A very good morning," he agrees, and Will chuckles.

"I woke up, and it looked like you were having a, uh... *very* interesting dream," Will explains, pressing a parting kiss to the head of Hannibal's cock before crawling up his body. Will settles on top of him, his own cock hard against Hannibal's stomach. "Thought I'd help you out."

Will hums into it when Hannibal kisses him, gasping against his lips at the feeling of Hannibal's hand reaching between them and finding Will's cock.

"It was a good dream," he concedes with a loose grin, nuzzling at Will's jaw. "I do think I prefer what greeted me when I woke, though."

The younger man breathes out a laugh at that, moaning shortly after. "So I don't need to be— ah— jealous?" he teases, and Hannibal laughs, too.

"Never."

Will pulls away at that, just enough to look down at Hannibal. He tilts his head, searching Hannibal's face. Curious. "Was the dream about me?"

Hannibal's smile comes easily, as does his answer. "All of my dreams are about you, Will."

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